

# EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

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## DOMESTIC USURPATIONS.

In the most of well-regulated families, the husband, of course, is the person of most consequence. A wife, to be sure, is a wife, especially if she be a lady. But still there is in general so much dependent upon the industry of the husband, and so much influence does he possess, like the House of Commons, by his command of the purse, that, if he gets any thing like fair play, he cannot fail to be regarded with much deference by all the other members of the household. To his convenience, or, as he would represent it, to the convenience of his profession, every domestic matter must be accommodated. He has the unquestioned power of dictating the meal-hours. Servants must rise early or late, as he may choose to ring them up. The children must walk softly past his business-room, if he has one; and Mrs Balderstone must wait his time, before she can get his company for a walk. If there be any thing better than another at table, it must be devoted to him. Women can live on any thing—in fact, are not dining creatures at all; and whenever Monsieur is from home for a day, it may be observed that Madame contents herself with the simplest trifle in the way of dinner, trusting solely to her evening cup of tea. But a *man-body*, as the Scotch housewives say, is an entirely different thing. He must have something substantial, something nourishing and comforting, not only because he deserves it after his toils for the general interest, but in order that he may be able to continue those toils. In short, the first and best of every thing must be surrendered to him—the arm-chair by the fire in winter, the whole sofa for a loll in summer. If he comes home with any think like damp feet, the whole house must fly to his rescue, and every thing be kept in a stir till he has "changed" them. If he take any little illness, the alarm and commotion are extreme—for he is comparatively seldom ill, and much depends on his health. While he lives at home, all goes on well, notwithstanding the great trouble which wife and servants and every body acknowledge he occasions. But if he be absent, the dullness and emptiness, the perfect stand-still of every thing, gives the house so hapless an aspect, that all of them would far rather that he were at home. In short, under ordinary domestic circumstances, Mr Balderstone is a troublesome, imperious, monopolising, consequential, dear, delightful, indispensable person.

Masterful, however, as Monsieur may be in general, there is one contingency in married life which seldom fails to deprive him of his domestic sceptre. It is not that his wife rebels against his authority, or that his children rise, a fierce democracy, and attempt to chase him from his throne. The revolution is accomplished in an entirely different manner. Madame, in virtue of a critical species of illness, suddenly becomes invested with all that interest which had previously rested upon himself, together with ten times more, derived from the circumstances in which she is supposed to be placed; and all at once—in one hour, one little hour—he feels himself deposed from his high estate, as effectually as ever was Darius, king of the Persians. Yesterday, Monsieur was a man, a sovereign, a dictator: no one disputed his will or disobeyed his command; his every word was law; and there was nothing he wanted that was not sure to be at his elbow even before he had formed the wish. But to-day, what a sad change! The queen-consort has suddenly become the queen-sovereign; and Mr Balderstone, like another Peter III., is thrown aside, in order that she may reign in his stead. No one attends to him now. The servants, like ungrateful courtiers, have forsaken him to pay homage to the

usurper. He gets nothing that he wants; no one will take his order—and he dare not ring. By day he sneaks about the house like a condemned person, and at night he has to steal away with a paltry *dip*, stuck without supporting-paper into an unclean candlestick, to hide his sorrows in some garret room, where a wretched third-rate bed has been prepared for him, as a favour of which he is hardly worthy. All the respect with which he was formerly regarded is now gone; he is not even allowed to be the Prince of Denmark.\* All interest, all reverence, all care and feeling, are concentrated upon Madame in the best bedroom, and nothing remains for him but a grudging toleration of existence. Under such deplorable circumstances, he might perhaps find some small consolation in the company of his elder children; but they, from the very commencement of the revolution, have been banished the house—cantoned out among aunts and cousins, at the rate of one to each, except in the case of Aunt Mary, a kind worthy soul, who has been favoured with the two youngest and most troublesome. When he enters (what he has been accustomed to consider) his own house, the very errand-girl, hired for a week only, will chide him for the noise he makes, and order him to take off his shoes. If he asks for his dinner, he is hustled into a side-room half filled with lumber, all the better apartments being occupied with the pomp and circumstance of the usurpation; and there he has to wait in grim patience, till some one chooses to remember his wants, and, after remembering, is pleased to think of relieving them. Almost every thing he does, every step he takes, every word he utters, provokes some reproach from the powers that be; till he is at last fairly scolded and gloomed out of all spirit, and could almost wish that the day were blotted out of the calendar when it was said that either a man-child or a woman-child, as the case may be, was born.

The usurpation, it may be well supposed, is more passive than active on the part of Madame. In all probability, however, she has constituted a regent in the shape of a mother, or a skilful neighbour, or some other female hypogriph, who is sure to sway the new authority with even a more uncompromising severity than could, under any circumstances, be expected from the original usurper. Awfully impressed with the importance of the occasion, this vice-queen moves solemnly but noiselessly through the house, taking care that every thing is disposed with a regard to the service and comfort of her constituent, and repressing by the mere weight of her most tremendous countenance the least rebellion of words, deeds, or things, against the one great cause. Monsieur, but yesterday perhaps, saw nothing in this lady but a kind relation or a good neighbour, and he might now be disposed to treat her accordingly. But in the brief space that has since elapsed, she has entirely changed her character. He now feels awed down by her presence, like some little boy before a right awful and deeply pinned grandmother. Submittingly does he see every key surrendered into her hands, sees her assume unquestioned empire over the drawers and cupboards, and become sole dictress of the bread and butter. It may be that there is occasional reason for blame; but that is of course out of the question. If he only can contrive now and then to get a meal or so, even although it should come to him with the wrong end foremost, he must consider himself well off. To get any thing

like a share of one's own goods under such circumstances, is as fair subject of self-gratulation as when the people of a besieged city, by some desperate sally, can manage to take in a few of their own beeves or flour-bags. If, besides the bare necessities that are confusedly and unrespectfully thrust in upon him, he should obtain the least modicum of any favourite indulgence, he may consider himself most peculiarly fortunate—for it is a rigid rule of such provisional governments, that every thing of pleasant or good that the house can afford, is to be reserved for the lady, or, if not enjoyable by her, must at least be enjoyed by no other body, as if the enjoyments of others, while she was in her present condition, were privations to her, or, as it were, marks of a disregard for her distresses. As for getting hot water in the mornings, or having his shoes brushed, or any other of those little services which in ordinary times are conceded to him as matters of course, he must take care never to dream of such things; for if he does, it will only be to awake to a painful sense of their utter unattainableness. Quite possibly, the powers below could serve him as usual without difficulty; but, secure from his anger, they deliberately refrain from doing so, and enjoy for a couple of days the delicious luxury of neglecting a habitual duty.

One of the most oppressive features in the system is its terrible silentness. Talk of quiet revolutions: there can be no revolution conducted with such quietness as this. From the first moment, when the knocker was tied up and the bell gagged with a slip of white paper, there has reigned a silence only comparable to that of chaos. Every living being about the house seems to have suddenly become shod in velvet. In the sick-room itself, all things are conducted by gesture, like an academy of the deaf and dumb. A mysterious quiet woman, whom you never saw before, but who has been brought in as nurse, points to one of a distant range of phials, and as the servant who is sent for it makes a near approach or the reverse to the minute object wanted, the directress of the proceeding contorts her body and countenance in a greater or less degree, till at length, the girl having hit the right thing, she sinks down into the tranquillity of approval, and mildly waves it forward. The doors have instinctively ceased to creak, the cat to mew, the flies to buzz. The utmost noise ever heard is the silken *swoosh* of the vice-regent, as she glides along the passages. Strange communings are sometimes observed to take place at the door, between your own servants and those of your friends, who are now sent with complimentary inquiries; but not a syllable is ever heard. A long recital will be given without even an aspirate. Warm flannel will be telegraphed from bedroom to kitchen by a noiseless toss of the arm. Molly will be chid for letting the fire get low, by a dart of the eye. If you should yourself make a *leelle*, a very *leelle* noise, the whole womankind of the establishment will pour upon you like a cataract of wild-cats—but not a particle of noise all the time. You will be pommelled almost to death by a gesticulated scolding-match, and stabbed all over with daggers spoken thirty degrees below the zero of articulation.

Usurpations such as I have faintly attempted to describe, usually last about a week: great mercy they seldom occur oftener than once in a year, or they would form a truly grievous deduction from the happiness of life. It is curious to see how, gradually, as Mrs Balderstone gets better, and resigns the interest arising from her critical situation, Mr B. shakes off the unwonted trammels in which he has been bound—shows a little less chicken-hearted under the authority of the Awful Woman, ventures to call one mor-

\* The corporation of some English city was showing all possible attention to Queen Anne, to the utter neglect of her husband, who, though a good-natured man, was at last stung by their disrespect, and exclaimed, "Why, gentlemen, recollect that I am at least Prince George of Denmark."

ing for hot water, and next day says something rather smart about the delay in producing his shoes—how, by slow and imperceptible degrees, he becomes re-invested with the respect to which he is entitled as head of the house, and is once more looked to by all and sundry as the important, money-producing, indispensable person which he really is. At length he one day finds himself set down in his customary dining-room to something like a dinner, with even perhaps a consolatory something over and above his usual fare; and as he sips his first glass after the withdrawal of the cloth, he feels, with an exquisite gust of serene and self-flattering sensation, that—Richard's himself again!

#### POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ARISTOTLE, COPERNICUS, AND GALILEO.

OUR young friends who peruse these pages for purposes of instruction, are perhaps not fully aware of the great and numerous impediments which have from very remote times stood in the way of scientific inquiry, and the establishment of valuable truths in all branches of human knowledge. In almost every age there have sprung up men of profound genius, who shot far ahead of their fellows in the pursuit of scientific facts; but, surrounded by ignorance and prejudice, they only in certain instances dared to promulgate the results of their laborious and ingenious inquiries, and even then at the risk of violent persecution. On account of these vexatious impediments in the way of learned and acute men, the world, after some thousands of years of ignorance and barbarism, has only now arrived at that stage of enlightenment which, provided there had been no interruption to the spreading of the light of knowledge, it would in all probability have attained many centuries ago.

A series of striking instances of the efforts of ignorance, as well as learned prejudice, in preventing the establishment of improved systems of philosophy, is found in the lives of Aristotle, Copernicus, and Galileo. Aristotle was one of the most celebrated philosophers of Greece, and flourished at Athens about 350 years before the birth of Christ. He was much esteemed for his learning, and was employed by Philip, king of Macedon, as tutor to his son Alexander, afterwards known by the title of Alexander the Great. Before Aristotle's time, there had lived a number of Grecian sages, each of whom had bequeathed certain treatises on the nature of mind and matter, but on no very clear plan. Aristotle arose as a reformer, and greatly improved upon all former speculative opinions, separating the different sciences, and constituting them into detached systems, each on its proper principles. At this period all the people of Greece were pagans: they worshipped imaginary deities, or deified warriors and other mortals, and sacrificed animals upon altars to those supposed spiritual guardians whose images they revered. Aristotle, being a learned and thoughtful man, saw that all this was nonsense; he therefore turned his mind to an inquiry into the nature of a Great First Cause, or Principle, and, by deep study, constructed a system of metaphysics, or the doctrine of mind in connection with a Being whose attributes pervaded all things. This mighty conception was decidedly at variance with the notions of the vulgar. He was now charged with introducing doctrines adverse to the established pagan religion. The intolerant spirit of superstition could not brook the spread of the refined and exalted opinions of this eminent man. The storm of popular fury was ready to burst upon him, when, calling to remembrance the fate of Socrates, a philosopher who had been put to death for his opinions, he fled from Athens to a retreat at Chalcis. Here, advanced in life, and broken down with bodily infirmities, as well as with dejection of spirit, he died, deeply regretted by all who at the time appreciated his abilities. He was buried at Stageirus, the place at which he had been born and sometimes resided, and from which his pupils or followers have received the appellation of Stagirites.

Besides laying down a formula of moral philosophy, suited, as was intended, for the training of the faculties of students, Aristotle propounded a theory relative to the character and motions of the heavenly bodies, founded on the previous conceptions of Ptolemy and Pythagoras. He believed and taught that the earth we inhabit was stationary or immovable, and that the sun and planets revolved round it. The principles upon which he explained this and other

theories in physics are now, by the investigations and discoveries of Newton, known to be altogether erroneous. Yet his philosophy, in which these principles were incorporated, possessed no small degree of sagacity; and being at least the best which had been established, was received into all the universities which were set on foot after the revival of learning in Europe, and consequently held in high estimation by the clergy. One reason for the popularity of Aristotle's theory of the planetary system, was, its apparent harmony with what was recognised by the senses. The earth was not felt to move; it seemed to stand still—therefore it stood still: the sun was seen to revolve from east to west—therefore it revolved. Such was the kind of reasoning in these ignorant times. Another cause for the acceptability of the theory was, that it appeared to be countenanced by the Scriptures, although it is very certain that the inspired writers are silent with regard to these scientific matters, the Bible being bestowed on man for very different purposes. Nevertheless, such was not the opinion of the church previous to the Reformation, and the immovability of the earth, strange to say, was reckoned a point of faith.

The Aristotelian planetary system thus continued unopposed by any other till the fifteenth century, when it was doomed to be completely overturned by the discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo. Copernicus was born in Westphalia in 1473, and studied at Cracow in Poland, where he received the degree of doctor of medicine. At Bologna, in Italy, he was instructed in astronomy, and his piercing genius soon discovered that the system of the planets which was taught was certainly erroneous; for nature follows, he thought, more simple laws than those laid down by Aristotle or any of the other ancient philosophers. Studying diligently this difficult subject, Copernicus at length made the signal discovery that the sun was the centre of our planetary system; that the earth was a planet like Mars and Venus; and that all the planets revolve round the sun in the following order:—Mercury, in 87 days; Venus, in 224; the Earth, in 365; Mars, in 1 year and 321 days; Jupiter, in 11 years; and Saturn, in 29 years. Thus was discovered the true system of the universe. Thus Copernicus stands, as it were, upon the boundary line of a new era. All that he accomplished was done, moreover, a hundred years before the invention of telescopes, with miserable wooden instruments, on which the lines were often only marked with ink. As the system of Copernicus was calculated to be of immense benefit to mankind, one would naturally suppose that such a great man would have been duly rewarded for his beneficent labours. But the very reverse was the case. Copernicus, for trying to overturn the Aristotelian system, met with exactly the same treatment that Aristotle had met with for attempting to substitute his system for the more erroneous ones that had previously existed. Though very modest in his assumptions, he drew upon himself the vengeance of the church, which looked with horror on the idea of the earth being a moving body. The Vatican or court of the Pope at Rome issued a sentence of excommunication against him; and he died in the seventy-first year of his age, worn out with the exercise of constantly examining the heavenly bodies, and depressed by the persecution which had visited his innocent and useful recreations. In the year 1821, the church of Rome had the good sense to obliterate the sentence against Copernicus from their records, after a lapse of 278 years from the period of its being issued.

Copernicus being removed from the field, and his theory denounced as heretical, it was fondly imagined that no new person would arise to disturb the ancient system of the universe taught at the various colleges. But it will be comprehended by our young readers that TRUTH cannot easily be suppressed, or for a long time. It always comes out at last, let people do what they will to prevent it. Copernicus had not been dead many years, when a similar disturber of popular error arose in the person of Galileo Galilei, or more commonly called by the single name Galileo. This Italian was born at Pisa in 1564. His father, a nobleman of Florence, caused him to be instructed in the ancient languages, drawing, and music, and he very early showed a strong inclination to mechanical labours. In 1581, he entered the university of Pisa, to attend lectures on medicine, and to be grounded in the Aristotelian philosophy. The latter, now loaded with scholastic rubbish, very speedily disgusted Galileo, and he afterwards became its declared adversary. In 1589, he was made professor of mathematics in the university of Pisa, and now began to assert the laws of nature against a perverted philosophy. In the presence of numerous spectators, he went through with his experiments, which he performed on the tower of the cathedral, to show that weight has no influence on falling bodies. By this means he excited the opposition of the adherents of Aristotle to such a degree, that after two years he was forced to resign his professorship. Driven from Pisa, he retired into private life, but his genius being appreciated in another part of Italy, he was, in 1592, appointed professor of mathematics at Padua. He lectured here with unparalleled success. Scholars from the most distant regions of Europe crowded round him. He delivered his lectures in the Italian language instead of Latin, which was considered a daring improvement. From 1597 till 1610, he made a number of discoveries in mathematical science, as well as with

respect to the character and phases of the planets. His name growing celebrated, he was, in 1610, appointed grand-ducal mathematician and philosopher by Cosmo II., and he henceforth removed from Padua to Florence. Here he gained a decisive victory for the Copernican system, by the discovery of the varying phases of Mercury, Venus, and Mars; and the motion of these planets about the sun, and their dependence on it for light, were thus established beyond the possibility of doubt.

While Galileo was thus employed in supporting and enlarging the field of natural philosophy, a tremendous storm was gathering about his head. He had openly declared himself in favour of the Copernican system in a work which he wrote on the sun's spots, and was therefore denounced as a heretic. The monks preached against him, and he went to Rome, where he succeeded in appeasing his enemies, by declaring that he would maintain his system no further, either by words or writings. He would hardly, however, have escaped the cruelties of the Inquisition, unless the Grand-Duke of Florence, suspecting his danger, had recalled him. The promise which Galileo had given not to promulgate his opinions, he found a great difficulty in keeping. Pining to make known to the world a complete account of the system of Copernicus, yet dreading the prejudices of his enemies, he fell upon the expedient of writing a work, in which, without giving his own opinion, he introduces three persons in a dialogue, of whom the first defends the Copernican system, the second the Ptolemaean (or that of Aristotle), and the third weighs the reasons of both in such a way, that the subject seems problematical, though it is impossible to mistake the preponderance of arguments in favour of Copernicus. With this great work, which is still held in reverence, Galileo went to Rome in 1630, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and, by an extraordinary stretch of favour, received permission to print it. Scarcely had it appeared at Rome and Florence, when it was attacked by the disciples of Aristotle, and most violently of all by the teacher of philosophy at Pisa. The Pope also, instigated by some interested parties, now became the persecutor of Galileo. A congregation of cardinals, monks, and mathematicians, was appointed to examine his work, which they unhesitatingly condemned as highly dangerous, and summoned him before the tribunal of the Inquisition. This blow fell heavily on the head of Galileo, now an old man, and left defenceless by the death of his friend and patron Cosmo II. He was compelled to go to Rome in the winter of 1633, and was immediately immured in a cell in one of the prisons of the Inquisition. It is not consistent with our inclination or our plan to say one word in contempt of any religious or civil institution; yet we may certainly be pardoned in here dropping a tear of sympathy over the hard fate of this unfortunate veteran of science. Here was a poor old man who had devoted a whole lifetime to simple scientific study, harming no one, but rather toiling for the benefit of his race, confined by a set of inexorable persecutors, ignorant judges, in a miserable dungeon in one of the most frightful of all prisons, and denied all chance of release except by a recantation of what is now acknowledged to be undoubted truth. Can we picture to ourselves this venerable philosopher contemplating the starry heavens through the gratings of his narrow window? Can we imagine his feelings in tracing the moon in its path across the hemisphere of night, and reasoning on the accuracy of the system he had developed? Or can we think of him turning, almost broken-hearted, from this vision of his favourite pursuit, and sitting down in dismal darkness, inwardly lamenting his cruel fate and the ignorance which thus rewarded his exertions? Galileo remained a prisoner in the cells of the Inquisition several months, when, being brought before an assembly of his judges, he was condemned to renounce, kneeling before them, with his hand upon the gospels, what were called the "sinful and detestable errors and heresies" which he had maintained. The firmness of Galileo gave way at this critical moment of his life: he pronounced the recantation. But at the moment he rose, indignant at having sworn in violation of his solid conviction, he exclaimed, stamping his foot, *E pur si muove*—it still moves! Upon his dreadful relapse into heresy, he was sentenced to imprisonment in the Inquisition for life, and every week for three years was to repeat the seven penitential psalms; his dialogues were also prohibited, and his system utterly condemned. Although Galileo was in this manner sentenced to confinement, it appeared to those who judged him that he would not be able, from his age, to endure such a severe punishment, and they mercifully banished him to a particular spot near Florence.

Here Galileo lived for several years, employing his time in the study of mechanics and other branches of natural philosophy. He was at this time afflicted with a disease in his eyes, one of which was wholly blind, and the other almost useless, when in 1637 he discovered the libration of the moon. Blindness, deafness, want of sleep, and pain in his limbs, united to embitter his declining years; still his mind was active. "In my darkness," he writes in 1638, "I muse now upon this object of nature, and now upon that, and find it impossible to soothe my restless head, however much I wish it. This perpetual action of mind deprives me almost wholly of sleep." In this condition, and affected by a slowly consuming fever, he expired in January 1642, in the 78th year of his age.



His relics were deposited in the church of Santa Croce, at Florence, where posterity did justice to his memory, by erecting a splendid monument, near that of Michael Angelo, in 1737.

The year in which Galileo died was that in which Isaac Newton was born; and the discoveries which this profound genius made relative to attraction and gravitation, at length, about the year 1683, on the publication of his *Principia*, or Principles of Natural Philosophy, set completely at rest all dispute as to the correctness of the views of Copernicus and Galileo, whose system is now taught at all schools and universities.

#### THE DUCHESS DE BERRI IN LA VENDEE.

SINCE the days of Prince Charles Stuart, there has been no instance of enterprise and adventure of so remarkable a character, or possessing at all such interest, as that to which the title of this article refers.

The Duchess de Berri, as is well known, is the widow of the late Duc de Berri, younger son of Charles X. of France, and the mother of the Duc de Bourdeaux, in whose favour his grandfather and uncle so fruitlessly abdicated in 1830, when the main line of the royal family of France was displaced, in order to make room for the junior branch represented by the Duc d'Orleans. The duchess naturally accompanied Charles X. in his exile, and for some time resided in this country with the dethroned monarch. Being, however, a woman of a restless and intriguing disposition, and, withal, possessed of a singular degree of resolution and presence of mind, together with a spirit worthy of a heroine of romance, she continued to maintain a secret correspondence with the Carlists, as the friends of Charles X. are termed; and, finally, induced by the representations which were made to her of the strength of that party, and of their devotion to her cause, she resolved on quitting her family, and proceeding to France, to head in person the insurrection which she expected would take place in behalf of the Bourbon dynasty, and, of consequence, pave the way for her son's ascent to the throne of France.

Having provided herself with a letter from the ex-king, dated at Edinburgh, and addressed to the royalists in France, requesting them to acknowledge her as regent of the kingdom, and as acting for her son Henry V., she set out for the Continent, and passed through Holland in June 1831, and took up her abode for some time at Sestri, a small town at the distance of twelve leagues from Genoa. She here made some attempt at preserving an incognito—calling herself the Countess de Sagana—but so negligently, that it was well known to every one who she really was.

The French government having obtained notice of her proceedings, procured her expulsion from Piedmont, on which she proceeded to Rome. In the meantime, she was constantly receiving letters of encouragement from her partisans in France, who represented the public feeling as gradually approaching a crisis in her favour, particularly in La Vendée. She therefore now determined on commencing active operations, and accordingly intimated to the royalists, by letter dated 15th April 1832, that they should prepare to take arms, and that she herself would soon be amongst them.

She soon after this embarked on board a steam-boat for Marseilles, attended by two or three followers, and arrived in the roadstead of that port on the 29th of April. On arriving here, it was found impracticable, from the heavy sea which was running, to approach the land with the vessel except at the risk of shipwreck. This risk, however, the captain declared he was willing to encounter, but the duchess would not permit of it. The intrepid heroine ordered a boat to be lowered, and, contrary to the advice, and even remonstrances of the captain, who pressed on her the danger of attempting such a sea in an open boat, insisted on being rowed on shore. She had fixed an hour for a rising of the royalists in Marseilles, and now declared that no danger would deter her from making her way thither to be present at that hour. She accordingly stepped into the boat, accompanied by two of her suite, M. de Ménars and General de Bourmont; and after a perilous voyage of three hours, reached the shore, at an unfrequented part of the coast, in safety. During this dangerous passage, the heroic duchess not only remained perfectly calm and collected, but was even gay, although the probability every instant of their all perishing was much greater than that they should escape.

By the time the adventurers had effected a landing, night had set in; and as they could neither proceed

in the dark, nor venture into any house for fear of discovery, they determined on passing the night where they were. Having come to this resolution, the duchess wrapped herself in a cloak, and lay down under the shelter of a rock, and slept soundly till daybreak. When she awoke, she looked towards Marseilles, and was greatly rejoiced to perceive, by the white flag which now replaced the tricolor on the church of St. Laurent, that her friends had made a movement in the city. Her joy at this sight was soon after still farther increased by hearing the deep tones of the alarm-bell ringing in Marseilles. The chivalrous spirit of the duchess was now so much elated by these sights and sounds, that she was for entering the city instantly, and placing herself at the head of her party. Her two companions, however, prevailed upon her, though not without great difficulty, to wait for more unequivocal assurances regarding the state of matters in the city, and the event established the prudence of their interference.

In a short time afterwards, they heard the drums of the national guard and troops of the line beating to arms, and this was followed by the disappearance of the white flag from the church of St. Laurent, and the re-appearance of the tricolor. The adventurers, in the meantime, finding that they could no longer remain with safety in the exposed situation in which they were, General Bourmont proposed to the duchess to conceal herself in the hut of a charcoal-burner which was hard by, while he himself should go in quest of information as to what had passed and was passing in Marseilles. With this proposal the duchess complied, and in the evening Bourmont returned with the disheartening intelligence that the royalists, of whom only about two hundred out of six or eight thousand had made any movement, were completely overawed by the military, and that nothing was to be hoped for from Marseilles. In these desperate circumstances a consultation was held as to what was the next best thing to be done, and the duchess instantly decided on proceeding to La Vendée, at the same time declaring, that as she had entered France, she would not leave it. As the adventurers had no conveyance of any kind, neither horse nor carriage, it was necessary to perform this long and perilous journey on foot, a circumstance which had no effect whatever in shaking the resolution of the duchess, who, to reconcile her friends to the idea of her travelling in this manner, protested that she was an excellent walker. Having obtained a guide, the party set out at nightfall; and after travelling far many hours in the dark, by a mountainous and extremely difficult road, it was discovered that the guide had lost his way. Under these circumstances it was found necessary, as the duchess was now greatly fatigued, to bivouac where they were, on the open ground, until the return of daylight should enable them to continue their journey. This resolution having been taken, the duchess wrapped herself in her cloak, and resting her head on a portmanteau, slept soundly till daybreak. When she awoke, she perceived a country seat at some distance, and asked the guide to whom it belonged. "To a furious republican," replied the latter. "Very well, conduct me thither," said this singular woman. Her companions heard with amazement an order which was to lead her to the house of an enemy of her family, and it was not a little increased when she informed them that it was necessary for their safety and hers that they should now part. She concluded by desiring Monsieur de Bourmont to proceed to Nantes, and to await her there, and Monsieur de Ménars to go to Montpellier, where she said he would hear from her.

The duchess, conducted by her guide, now proceeded to the house of the republican, who was maire of the commune of C—. On arriving at the house, she was ushered into the drawing-room, where she was shortly afterwards joined by the maire himself, who had been informed that a lady wanted to speak to him in private. "Sir," she said, when he entered the apartment, "you are a republican, I know; but no political opinions can be applied to a proscribed fugitive. I am the Duchess de Berri, and I am come to ask you for an asylum." Republican as he was, the maire found himself unable to resist this appeal. He made her welcome to his house, promised to procure her passports, and said he would himself conduct her to Montpellier, whither she informed him she proposed next to proceed. "Now, sir," she added, holding out her hand to the maire, "order a bed to be got ready for me, and you shall see that the Duchess de Berri can sleep soundly even under the roof of a republican. The maire fulfilled his promises. He treated the duchess with the utmost attention, procured passports for her, and conducted her next day in his own carriage to Montpellier.

From Montpellier the duchess went to Toulouse, and from thence, now accompanied by M. de Ménars and the Marquis de L—, all three being in the same carriage, to a chateau of a friend of the latter, which it was proposed to make a sort of headquarters, from whence proclamations were to be issued, and the other necessary business of insurrection transacted. The person, however, to whom the duchess was now

brought was not aware of the visit intended him; he was therefore greatly surprised when, on answering himself a violent ringing at his gate at a late hour one night, he found his friend the Marquis of L— and a carriage at the door, in which was the Duchess de Berri. "The Duchess de Berri!" he exclaimed, in amazement, on being informed that she was in the carriage that stood at his door. "What, Madame?" "Yes, she herself," replied his friend; "open the gate quickly." But there was a difficulty in the way—the house was filled with visitors, and the master of the chateau dreaded the risk of discovery, and he mentioned his fears to the marquis. The duchess over-hearing him, opened the blinds of the carriage, and said to the former, "Have you not by any chance a female cousin living fifty leagues from this place?" "Yes, Madame," he replied. "Well, then," rejoined the duchess, "open the gate, and introduce me to these twenty visitors as your cousin." This was accordingly done, and the duchess played her part so well, that no suspicion whatever of her real character was entertained by any of the strangers in the house. She was likely, however, to have been less fortunate with a French clergyman who breakfasted at the chateau on the Sunday after her arrival. This gentleman had been presented to her on a former occasion as Duchess de Berri, and when now introduced to her as the cousin of his host, he was greatly perplexed by the resemblance which he discovered between the two persons. His embarrassment at length became so marked, and withal so ludicrous, that the duchess, unable to restrain herself, burst into loud and frequent fits of laughter. The worthy curé, however, never arrived at an entire conviction of the imposition, but merely remarked, that "never did such a likeness exist before."

The duchess now employed herself in corresponding with the leading chiefs of the party in La Vendée till the 15th May, when, having completed arrangements for a general rising of the peasantry in that quarter on the 24th of the same month, she proceeded thither in person, accompanied by her host. To avoid a premature discovery of her presence in La Vendée, as that country was now filled with troops, she travelled with the utmost secrecy. Her first stage was to the house of a curé, one of her friends, who was aware of her coming. She arrived here at eight o'clock at night, supped, and immediately after requested the curé to give the necessary orders for the prosecution of her journey. On the priest's return to the apartment occupied by the duchess, to inform her that a horse was ready saddled for her, he found her dressed as a peasant boy, in which guise she now meant to travel. The priest calling his godson, a young lad of sixteen, pointed to the duchess and said, "Here is a young man who will get up behind you. He must be taken to —." The lad glanced at the person thus about to be entrusted to his care, and simply answered, after the manner of the Vendéans, "Very well, Monsieur le Curé, he shall be taken thither." The duchess was now placed on the horse behind him, and was safely conveyed, after a three hours' journey, to the place of her destination, without a word having passed between her and her guide. The latter, as it afterwards appeared, knew perfectly well whom he had with him, for he had seen the duchess before, and remembered her; yet he did not on this occasion make the slightest allusion to this knowledge, nor did he ever once turn his head towards his companion during the whole way; and the instant he set her down at her journey's end, he started off on his return, still without speaking, or betraying the slightest symptom of recognition.

The duchess being now joined by Charrette, one of her principal Vendean friends, and generalissimo of the insurgent forces, proceeded, still wearing the dress of a peasant boy, in company with that person, to the neighbourhood of Grand-Lieu. But on the way thither, an accident happened which had nearly terminated the bold career of this extraordinary woman. In crossing the river Maine, her foot slipped on the wet stones on which she was stepping, and she was precipitated into the stream. Charrette instantly plunged in after her, and bore her to the opposite bank. Having no change of dress, the duchess, in the uncomfortable condition consequent on the accident, entered a cottage which was close by, stripped off her wet clothes, and hung them up to dry, wrapping herself, in the meantime, in a blanket till this process should be accomplished. In this extraordinary guise she seated herself at the door of the cottage to enjoy the warmth of the sun, and then partook heartily of a repast of sour milk and black bread, the only description of provisions which could be procured.

When her clothes were dried, she and her companion Charrette proceeded to Aigrefeuille, where she resumed the garments of her sex, and obtained a carriage, with which she continued her journey as far as Toulon. Here she stopped, and entering a mean house, exchanged her dress with a woman whom she found there, and who now occupied her place in the carriage, and proceeded some way on the high road to Nantes, whilst she herself struck off on foot through an intricate and unfrequented part of the country, and finally stopped at a miserable cottage, which tempted her by the obscurity of its situation. Here she took up her abode for some time, and in these wretched quarters commenced a renewal of her correspondence with the Vendean chiefs. Here, also, she had some interesting interviews with some of the leading men

of her party. All of these, however, were conducted with the most profound secrecy. The precautions, indeed, which were taken to conceal the place of her retreat, together with the extraordinary fidelity of the Vendean peasantry, who were deeply interested in her cause, rendered it all but impossible for any one but a friend to obtain access to her. Signs and countersigns, and a succession of guides from one point to another, and who always discharged this duty in the most profound silence, were necessary to enable any one who sought her to find out the place of her abode; and none but those who could fully satisfy them, at the different points where the guides stopped, of their being her friends, could have any chance of reaching her. The room which she occupied was an exceedingly miserable one: the walls were bare, and the only furniture it contained was a clumsy-made bedstead, a single chair, and a table. On the former lay the complete dress of a peasant boy, ready for any emergency; and on the latter a number of papers, and a pair of pistols, likewise ready for use. The duchess herself wore, while in this concealment, one of the common woollen coils of the women of the country, and, when in bed, was covered with a Scotch plaiden shawl of green and red.

The correspondence which the duchess now entered into with her friends led to the resolution of fixing on the night between the 3d and 4th of June, instead of the 24th of May, for a general rising of the peasantry of La Vendée. There were many of her partisans, however, who were now, and indeed had all along been, impressed with a highly unfavourable opinion of the results of a revolt in La Vendée; as, besides many other extremely inimical considerations, there was a great scarcity of arms and ammunition: but to the remonstrances and representations of these, the heroic duchess replied, that she was determined to bring her pretensions to the issue of the sword. "I call all men of valour to my standard," she said; "God will aid us in saving our country. No danger, no fatigue, shall discourage me. I will appear at the very first meetings."

On the night between the 3d and 4th of June, accordingly, the tocsin sounded in La Vendée, the peasantry flew to arms, the troops of the government were put in motion, and the struggle commenced, the presence of the Duchess of Berri being now perfectly known over the whole country. The first encounter between the military and the insurgents took place at Maisdon, where the latter were defeated with a loss of twelve men killed. The next was at Vieilleveigne. At this battle the duchess herself was present in person, and with her own hands dressed the wounds of the men. Here the gallant Vendéans were again defeated, and the duchess herself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner—a fate which she only avoided by hastily exchanging horses with Charrette. On the same day, another action took place at the Chateau La Penissiere, in which the intrepidity and heroism of the Vendean character were remarkably exemplified, although in an unavailing effort.

It was now perceived that all hopes of a favourable issue to the insurrection must be abandoned, and of this the duchess herself became convinced. The government troops were every where, and in such force that no sooner was any local rising attempted, than it was crushed, and the duchess herself was obliged to fly from place to place, to avoid being captured by the military, who pursued her so closely, that she never enjoyed one entire night's sleep.

In these circumstances, the Vendean chiefs suggested a new plan, which met with the ready approbation of the duchess. This was, that she should proceed secretly to Nantes, where an asylum had been prepared for her, and that, on a certain market-day, a large body of the insurgents, disguised as peasants, should enter the city, seize the castle, place the duchess in it, and thereafter declare Nantes the provisional capital of the kingdom. In pursuance of this plan, the duchess, in the disguise of a peasant girl, accompanied by M. de Ménars as a farmer, and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec dressed as the duchess, set out on foot for Nantes. During the journey, the duchess's feet suffered so severely from the thick worsted stockings and clumsy shoes she wore, that she found herself unable to proceed. In this dilemma, she sat down upon a bank, took off the shoes and stockings, stuffed them into her large pockets, and continued her journey barefoot. On contrasting the appearance of her now naked feet and legs with those of the peasant girls whom she passed, the duchess perceived that a cause of suspicion might be found in the unusual whiteness of hers. To remedy this, she stepped to the road-side, and rubbed them over with some dark-coloured earth, and in this condition the daughter of a race of kings entered Nantes.

Soon after entering the town, and before she had reached her lodgings, an old apple-woman, taking her for what she appeared to be, a common country girl, requested her and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec to assist her in placing her basket of fruit on her head, promising each an apple for their trouble. The duchess at once complied, and demanded, what the old woman seemed not unwilling to forget, the promised reward. On proceeding a little farther, she stopped, and deliberately read a placard or proclamation on a wall, setting a price upon her head, and declaring her friends outlawed. The duchess at length reached the house appointed for her reception, and took possession of an apartment fitted with a place of concealment, to which

she could retire on the appearance of any urgent danger from military or police visits. This concealment was an ingeniously contrived recess behind the fireplace, to which she had intimation when it was advisable to retire, by the ringing of a bell which communicated with the floor below.

In this retreat, the duchess, whose friends found themselves unable to make any other effort in her favour, or to carry the last plan which they had suggested into execution, remained for five months. It was known to the authorities during nearly all this time that she was in Nantes, but by no means they could adopt were they able to discover the place of her concealment. Treachery, however, at length effected what diligence could not. One Deutz, who stood high in her confidence, obtained access to her; and the use he made of this proof of her reliance on his fidelity was to inform the police of her place of residence. In consequence of this information, the house was invested during the night with a large military force, commanded by Colonel Simon Lorriere, and a rigorous search begun by the police. But Deutz, although he was able to point out the house in which the duchess was to be found, yet knew nothing of the concealment behind the fireplace; and his ignorance on this point prolonged the search for many hours, and was nearly rendering it altogether abortive.

On the first alarm of the approaching danger, the duchess, with her female companion Mademoiselle Stylite Kersabiec, M. de Ménars, and M. Guibourg, who formed her household, retired into the recess, the duchess herself insisting on being the last to enter; and just as she cleared the aperture, the soldiers appeared in the apartment. During the whole night the search continued with unabated vigilance on the part of the police, but without leading to any other result than a conviction, from a number of corroborating circumstances, that the duchess was in the house. Every closet, bed, and recess, but the one where the fugitives were, was carefully scrutinised, and the search was pursued with equal diligence in all the neighbouring houses, but still no Duchess of Berri could be found, although the traces of her were perceived at every step. Architects and masons were also employed to see if their skill could discover any secret architectural contrivances for concealment, and to compare the exterior with the interior appearance of the apartments, with the view of detecting such contrivances, but in vain. They could make no discovery, though they hammered at the walls of the recess itself, and beat them with such violence with iron bars and beams, that large fragments of lime fell amongst the fugitives, and added to their other fears that of being buried in the ruins of the house, which they conceived was about to be pulled down. Still they held out, and it began to be believed that the duchess had escaped, but an accidental circumstance at length achieved what the diligence of the police could not effect. Two soldiers, who had been left on guard in the room adjoining the recess, finding it excessively cold, kindled a large fire in the fireplace behind which the fugitives were concealed, the heat and smoke of which threatened at once to suffocate them, and scorch them to death. Even this, however, they bore for a great length of time, placing their mouths against the chinks in the slates above them, to obtain a little fresh air; but their situation becoming at length wholly insupportable, the duchess, whose clothes had repeatedly taken fire, determined on surrendering herself; but even yet it was more for the sake of those who were with her than her own, as she never once complained of the dreadful suffering which she, in common with her companions, was enduring. Having come to the resolution of delivering herself up, she walked into the apartment, followed by the other fugitives, and announced herself to the astonished soldiers who were there on guard. The party had now remained in their concealment—a recess only three feet and a half long, and decreasing from eighteen to eight inches in width—for sixteen hours. Having announced herself, the duchess desired that General Dermoncourt might be sent for. When he entered the apartment, she said to him, "General, I deliver myself up to you, and I trust myself to your integrity." The reply of the general was worthy of a soldier and a man of honour. He assured her of his protection, and during the time she remained under his charge, conducted himself towards her with the utmost tenderness and respect. The duchess subsequently remarked, "General, I have nothing to reproach myself with; I have performed the duty of a mother in trying to recover my son's inheritance;" and some time afterwards, resuming the natural gaiety of her disposition, she said, casting a last glance at the place of her concealment, "Ah, General, if you had not waged war with me after the fashion of St. Laurence's martyrdom, which," she added, laughingly, "was unworthy of a brave and loyal knight, you would not now have my arm under yours."

The duchess was now conveyed a prisoner to the castle of Nantes, from which she was soon after taken to Fosse. She was finally deposited by order of King Louis-Philippe, himself her near relation by marriage, in the fortress of Blaye, where a lamentable sequel was added to her romantic story, by her being found pregnant, and delivered of a female infant. Her subsequent declaration of a marriage with a Sicilian nobleman—her liberation—and her restoration to the bosom of the family of Charles X. in Austria—are facts too well known to require further notice. It

must ever be lamented by generous minds, that a lady who showed such remarkable vigour of character, such heroic devotedness to the cause of her son, and such extraordinary fortitude under suffering, should have obliterated so much of the effect of those elevating qualities, by a want of the first and most important virtue of her sex.\*

#### TABLE TALK.

WE have heard of travellers getting authors to write their books of travels, and getting engravers to draw imaginary scenes for their embellishment; we have also heard of ladies who could not sew, getting sempstresses to work beautiful needlework for them, which they exhibited as their own; but all this impudence is nothing to that of the famous Cardinal Richelieu. A man of great learning, called Le Jay, compiled a French Polyglot Bible in ten volumes folio, and having spent his fortune in its completion, he applied to the cardinal, then prime minister of France, for assistance to bring out his work; to this application the cardinal replied, that if his name were put on the title-page as author, he would then furnish means; but the noble Le Jay rejected the insolent offer, and submitted to poverty rather than lose the justly acquired honour of so great an undertaking.

Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, inserted in his poem an angry note against Garrick, who, as he thought, had used him ill, by rejecting a tragedy of his. Some time afterwards, the poet, who had never seen Garrick play, was asked by a friend in town to see him act *King Lear*. He went, and, during the first three acts, said not a word. In a fine passage of the fourth, he fetched a deep sigh, and, turning to his friend, "I wish," said he, "the note was out of my book!" How often do we say and write bitter things of a man, on a partial and interested view of his character, which, if we knew throughout, we should wish unsaid or unwritten!

We have an amusing instance of the sumptuousness and buffoonery of the court of the Mogul emperors in India in former times, in the following account given by Sir Thomas Roe of his mission in 1615:—"The person of the king on high occasions was not only covered, but completely laden, with diamonds, pearls, and rubies. Even the elephants when they went in procession, besides having their trappings richly gilded, had their heads adorned with valuable jewels. On the sovereign's birthday, his chief amusement was to take two boxes, one full of rubies, and the other of gold and silver almonds, and scatter them on the ground in presence of his ministers; when these mighty lords of the greatest court in the world threw themselves on the floor, and scrambled for them as children do for sugar plums. On another occasion, much delight was afforded by the royal weighing, at which time the emperor's person, arrayed in full pomp, was put into the scales, first against rupees, then against gold and jewels, next against rich cloths and spices, and lastly against corn, meal, and butter. Intoxication, carried to the utmost excess, completed the circle of these barbarous gaieties."

Comfort is preferable to musical sounds: An Englishman who was fond of music took a grand upright piano with him when he emigrated to the Swan River settlement; but finding nobody there who could make a cupboard for him, he was fain to gut his fine musical instrument, and use it for holding his crockery. In our own country, flat pianos are as often used as side-tables as instruments of music.

It is calculated that the wars of Napoleon caused the death of five millions of human beings; the number of broken hearts and broken fortunes has not been computed.

Spain once supplied England with fine wool; but it has lost the trade, and from a curious cause.—The king of Spain made a present of a few Merino sheep to the king of Saxony, and hence the wool of Saxony threw the Spanish wool out of the English market. The import of Saxony wool in 1812 amounted only to about 20 lbs.; in 1832 it reached above 26 millions of lbs.

The human form is affected by climate like plants: it is developed more early in the sunny south than in the frozen north; the imitative arts also are more easily acquired, and the faculties unfold earlier; but children born in the north have firmer and more stayed habits, attain greater combination of thought, and think more profoundly.

Dr Doddridge's love-letters have been published, and it must be allowed that they were written in a style entirely his own. In one of them he writes as follows:—"To-day you have been telling me you could not bear the thought of not being so rich as your sister; that you do not know why you may not expect a good man with a good estate! I leave you to judge whether it is possible I should hear this remark without uneasiness; and if it be not, whether it were fit for you to make it. Consider, madam, I am a rational creature; and though too much transported with love, yet, blessed be God, not absolutely distracted! How, then, do you imagine I can put any confidence in the assurances you give me of your

\* The above article is a careful abridgement of the account of the duchess's adventures, published in 1833 by General Dermoncourt.



love, when you are so continually contradicting them? For, do you not contradict them when you talk of discarding me for the sake of money? I always thought, my dear creature, you had been remarkable both for good sense and religion. But I own I do not see how it is reconcilable with either, to throw aside those entertainments of a rational, a friendly, and a religious nature, which you yourself think you may find in me, merely that you may eat and drink more sumptuously, and wear better clothes, with some of those people whom the word of God already brands as fools. Madam, I must presume so far as to say that it is neither the part of a Christian nor a friend to keep me in such a continual uneasiness. You unfit me for business, devotion, or company, and, in short, make my very life burdensome by the inconsistency of your behaviour. Let me therefore most earnestly entreat you not entirely to dismiss me, which God forbid, but resolutely to remember your promises, and not to allow yourself those unbounded liberties of saying every thing that the vanity of your own dear excellent heart may prompt you to utter, without considering how I am able to bear it."

The world may be thus defined:—It is a vast theatre, on which mankind are the actors; chance composes the piece; fortune distributes the parts; the women distribute refreshments to the actors; and the unfortunate are scene-drawers and candle-snuffers.

In the deanery garden at Winchester, there stood till the year 1757 an ancient fig-tree, which, through a succession of many deans, had been cased up and shielded from winds and frost. The wall to which it was nailed was adorned with various inscriptions in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, alluding to such passages of the sacred writings as do honour to the fig-tree. After having been presented with several texts of Scripture, the reader was informed, by way of climax, that in the year 1623, King James I. tasted of the fruit of this fig-tree with great pleasure. At Lambeth, likewise, are two celebrated fig-trees, which on good grounds are supposed to have been planted by Cardinal Pole. They are immense trees of the kind, covering a space of wall fifty feet in height and forty in breadth. The circumference of the stem of one of them is twenty-eight inches, and of the other twenty-one. They are of the white Marseilles kind, and have for many years furnished the tables of the archbishops of Canterbury with delicious fruit.

A French princess, Jean of Albert, who lived in the sixteenth century, having requested to accompany her husband in the wars in Picardy, the French king, her father, laid his commands upon her to come home, should she require to be delivered of an infant, with the view that it might be nursed in a more hardy manner than was usually the case with the children of royal parents. At length the contingency arrived, and the princess with difficulty, after great fatigue in the journey, appeared at her father's residence. It was part of the character of Jean of Albert to have a vast deal of curiosity, and she now was exceedingly desirous to see her father's will, which was kept in a large gold box, along with a gold chain of such length as to go twenty-five or thirty times about a woman's neck. She therefore asked for a sight of these things, but the king strenuously refused, declaring, however, that both should be exhibited and given to her, should she safely bring into the world a prince. To this she had to submit. On the night of the 13th December 1553, the princess was delivered of a son, greatly to the delight of the king, who now put the gold chain about her neck, and gave her the gold box, in which was his will; saying to her when he did so, "There, girl, that is thine, but this belongs to me." And so he took up the babe in his gown, without staying till it was dressed, and carried it away to his apartment. The little prince was fed and brought up, so as to be inured to fatigue and hardship, frequently eating nothing but the coarsest common bread, the king, his grandfather, having given such orders. He used, according to the custom of the country, to run about bareheaded and barefooted with the village boys, both in summer and winter. Who was this prince?—Henri Quatre, the famous Henry IV.

The abominable cruelty and callousness of the ancients are exhibited as much by their suicides as their murder of others. Diocles having made a law that no man should come armed into the public assembly of the people, he, through inadvertency, chanced to break that law himself; which one observing, and saying, "He has broke a law he made himself," Diocles, turning to his accuser, exclaimed, with a loud voice, "No, the law shall have its sanction;" and drawing his sword, killed himself.

During the heat of a naval engagement between the English and Dutch fleets, Tromp, being excessively thirsty, called for a bowl of wine, which his servant had no sooner delivered him, but a cannon ball took his hand off just as he was retiring from his master. The brave admiral, touched with a noble compassion, spilt the wine on the deck, saying, "It is not fit I should quench my thirst with the blood of a faithful servant." And as soon as he had spoke these words, a bullet took from him the power of ever drinking again.

Pritchard, in his entertaining work on animalcules, thus describes the motions of a very wonderful and minute class, which appear to be covered with scales or rings crossing each other obliquely:—"They were

discovered in a large ditch running into a river near Norwich, the bottom of which was covered with them to some thickness: when first examined, being motionless, they were taken for vegetable fibres, but on keeping them under the microscope, without disturbing, and occasionally viewing them, they were seen to move, and form themselves into companies, in various forms. After putting a large spoonful of the green water, containing these animalcules, into a glass vase, and gently filling it with clean water, without disturbing those at the bottom, they formed themselves into a column, and in a few days ascended to the surface. When exposed at the surface of the water for a short time, the colour of the animalcules is changed from a bright green to a sky-blue; but they are sometimes so numerous as to cover the mud at the bottom of the pond for several inches in thickness; the masses then appear almost black. When in small companies, they are nearly of the same specific gravity as the water, and therefore when placed at any depth appear stationary. A small quantity of this matter having been put into a jar of water, one part went down to the bottom, whilst the other continued floating upon the top. All things remained for some time in this condition, until at last each swarm of animalcules grew weary of its situation, and had a mind to change its quarters. Both armies, in short, began their march at the same time, against the side of the jar, and as one proceeded upwards and the other downwards, after some hours they were nearly meeting about midway, as the route each of them appeared to take, soon after they began to move, made it very easy to foresee. The desire of knowing in what manner they would behave on this occasion, engaged the observer to watch them with a careful eye; and as they approached still nearer, he beheld to his great surprise the army that was marching upwards open to the right and left, and leave a convenient space for the army which was marching downwards to pass between its wings. Thus, without confusion or intermixture, each held on its way; the army which was going upwards marching in two columns to the top, and the other proceeding in great regularity and order in one column to the bottom. This amusing spectacle serves to show that, however mean or contemptible these creatures may appear to us, the Almighty Power that created them has not left them destitute of sagacity to associate together, and act unanimously for the benefit of the community, both these armies marching as regularly as if under the direction of wise leaders."

#### ANNALS OF THE POOR.

In the 15th number of the Journal are given a series of brief anecdotes of humble life, under the above title. Their object was to show that the literary quality of pathos might be found in the modest distresses of the poor, as well as in the majestic sorrows of the dignified and powerful. A farther object may perhaps be secured by continuing the series. It may be possible thus to enable the upper ranks to catch a few scattered glimpses of the state of the lower, who are now removed by artificial circumstances to too great a distance beneath the ordinary observations of their superiors, and thus promote a sympathy between the two classes, for their mutual advantage. Being sensible that fictitious tales of humble life could have no effect of this kind, we pledge ourselves to relate nothing under the present title but what is strictly true.

#### THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Within a very few miles of Edinburgh, there lives an old woman, known among her humble neighbours by the name of "Auld Susan." She was the daughter of a small farmer in the north of England, and in early life married a private soldier in a Scotch regiment, which happened to be quartered in the neighbourhood of her father's house. Having been on this account cast off and disowned by her parents, she followed her husband for many years during the early part of the last war, and in time became the mother of four sons, all of whom, as they grew up, attached themselves to the same regiment. After a long course of faithful service, Susan's husband was raised to the rank of serjeant; and as she was industrious and frugal, they contrived to make their situation more comfortable than that of a soldier's family generally is. Susan, however, had too much perilled upon the fortunes of war to continue long free from misery. She accompanied her husband and sons through the whole of the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore. When the withdrawing army was finally engaged by the French at Corunna, she stood on a rising ground at no great distance from the field of action, ready to take charge of any of her family who might be obliged to retire disabled. While the fight was at the hottest, a wounded officer was borne past her, and on inquiring of the soldiers who carried him as to the fate of her husband and children, she was

told that all, except one of the latter, were "down;" they had fallen in receiving a desperate charge of French cavalry. At this moment the tide of battle receded from the part of the field which it had hitherto chiefly occupied, and Susan rushed eagerly forward amidst the dead and dying, in the hope of finding her husband and sons, or at least some of them, still alive. The first sight which met her eyes was the prostrate body of the fourth son, who within the last few minutes had also been brought down, and was now, as she thought, on the point of expiring. Ere she could examine into the condition of the wounded lad, a large party of the enemy's cavalry swept across the field, in full retreat before the British, and she had only time to throw herself over the body of her son, in the desperate hope of protecting him from farther injury, when it swept over her like a whirlwind, leaving her with a broken leg and arm, and many severe bruises. In this helpless state she was found after the battle by a few survivors of the company to which she had belonged, and conveyed on board the transports along with the wrecks of the army. On inquiry, she found that the fate of her husband and three eldest sons was too fatally certain; that of the youngest was less so; his body had not been found, but there was little time for examination, and it seemed almost beyond a doubt that he had also shared the fate of his father and brethren.

Upon her arrival in England, the poor woman was sent to the hospital until her wounds were cured, but, after her recovery, was turned out desolate and destitute upon the world. A representation of her case to the War Office was unattended to; nor would her honest pride permit her to persist in importunity. The same independence of spirit forbade her seeking the assistance of her relatives. By means of a small subscription raised among her late husband's comrades, she travelled on foot to the place of his birth near Edinburgh, and with what was left she was enabled to put a few articles of furniture into a cottage which a worthy farmer rented to her for an almost nominal sum. The same kind friend afterwards procured her, although not without difficulty, a small weekly allowance—a mere pittance—from the parish funds, with which, and by means of knitting, spinning, rearing a few chickens, and the various other humble expedients of helpless poverty (for she was disabled from field-labour), she contrived to support existence in decency, if not in comfort.

Twelve years had passed away, and approaching age was gradually rendering the lonely widow less and less able to obtain the scanty means of sustenance, when one summer afternoon, as she sat knitting at the door of her cottage, a poor crippled object approached, dressed in rags, and weak from disease and fatigue. From the remnants of his tattered clothes, it was evident he had been a soldier, and the widow's heart warmed towards him, as, resigning to him her seat, she entered the cottage and brought him out a drink of meal and water, being all that her humble store enabled her to offer for his refreshment. The soldier looked wistfully at her as he took the bowl—the next moment it dropped from his hand. "Mother!" he cried, and fell forward in the old woman's arms. It was her youngest son James, whom she thought she had left a corpse on the fatal field of Corunna. After mutually supposing each other to be dead for the long space of twelve years, these unfortunate beings were doomed to be re-united in this vale of sorrow, mutually helpless, feeble, and destitute. But the love of a mother never dies; the poor widow scrupled not to solicit those aids for her son which she never would have asked for herself, and the assistance of some compassionate friends procured her the means of restoring him to health, although he never regained his full strength.

James's story, from the time of their last parting, was a short and sad one. He had recovered from the temporary trance into which his wound had at first thrown him, had seen his mother's mangled and apparently senseless body lying beside him; and, concluding she was dead, had endeavoured to crawl out of the way of further danger, but fell into the hands of a part of the enemy. He remained a prisoner in France for upwards of two years, when, an exchange having taken place, he was once more placed in the British ranks, and sent with his regiment to North America. He had served there during the whole war with the United States, and was subsequently transferred to a West India station, where his wounds broke out afresh, and his health declined, in consequence of

the heat of the climate. Those acquainted with military matters will understand, although the writer of these lines confesses his inability exactly to describe, how a British soldier may be deprived of the recompense to which his wounds and length of service legally and justly entitle him. The poor man we speak of met this unworthy fate—he had, at his earnest request, been transferred into a regiment ordered for England (seeing certain death before him in the tropics), which was disbanded the moment of their arrival, and he was thrown utterly destitute, and left to beg or starve, after all his hardships and meritorious services to his country. Being unable to work, he was compelled to assume the mendicant's degraded habit, and had begged his way down to his father's birth-place in Scotland, in the hope of finding some of his relatives alive, and able to shelter him, when he unexpectedly recognised his old mother in the manner described.

This humble narrative is now done. The widow and her son still reside together, supported by his earnings as a day-labourer, and concluding, in obscure penury, a life of hardship, exertion, and sorrow.

#### LIZZY M'CALLUM.\*

I remember my mother telling me of a poor woman, a neighbour of her's, who lived in the same village at the foot of the Grampians, and whose husband having died, left her with six children, the youngest only a few months old. "For many months (said my mother), this worthy creature supported herself and her six innocents by spinning literally almost day and night; and yet, with all this exertion, she could only procure them the scantiest supply of the poorest fare. Barley porridge, without milk, twice a-day, with perhaps the luxury of potatoes and herrings to dinner once or twice in a week, formed their whole sustenance for months together, so small was the remuneration for that kind of labour which the mother alone could work at. But during all this time, no one ever heard a complaint from Lizzy M'Callum; and although her children's wan looks told that their fare was none of the best, still they were scrupulously neat and clean in their clothes—a feature which seldom characterised their neighbours. Being gentle, good-natured children, they were always welcome playmates to you and your sisters. In the winter evenings, they participated in your pastimes of hunt the slipper and blind man's buff; and in the fine days of summer, the young M'Callums were equally necessary and important allies in chasing butterflies over the knoves, plaiting swords and caps of rushes in the meadow, or catching minnows in the mill-burn. One day (continued my mother, with a sigh, the tears coursing down her venerable cheeks at the recollection)—I remember it as if it had been yesterday—two of Lizzy's little girls were at play with you and your sister Harriet in our front parlour. You were then both just about their own age, namely, five and seven years; and as I chanced to be dealing out to Harriet and you your customary forenoon slice of bread and butter, I offered a slice each to Mary and Jessy M'Callum. The latter, a mere infant, at first involuntarily held out her little hand with avidity, looked wistfully for a moment at the tempting morsel, then suddenly withdrawing her hand, as if a serpent had stung her, and reddening like scarlet, timidly said, 'No, I thank ye, mem.' 'Come, Mary,' said I to her sister, 'I am sure you will not be so shy; you shall have both slices.' 'I am much obliged to ye, mem,' replied the sweet child, blushing like crimson; 'but my mither says we mauna take pieces except in our ain house.' Such were the lessons of self-denial and decent pride implanted by their worthy parent in the minds of these innocent children of adversity.

Not satisfied with providing for the mere animal wants of her children, Lizzy M'Callum endeavoured, with the most untiring assiduity and affection, so far as her own humble acquirements went, to cultivate the minds and improve the manners of those helpless and endearing charges which had been entrusted to her sole care. One always sat by her side and read while she was engaged in spinning, and in this way she taught the four eldest to read the Bible very accurately. Psalms and questions from the Shorter Catechism accompanied these instructions; and when these duties were over, if any of the juniors began to grow impatient or clamorous for food, she would occasionally resort to the innocent expedient of lifting

the tune of 'Little wat ye wha's coming,' and making them dance to it, while she plied the task which was to procure them the next meal.

The neighbour gossips often wondered how Lizzy M'Callum found time to keep her cottage so trim, and her 'bairns sae wyse-like,' for, excepting on Sunday, she was always found at her wheel; and yet, although her labour seemed without end, and her privations almost too much for human fortitude to sustain, still Lizzy's open countenance ever wore the same calm good-humoured smile, and her answer to any whose benevolence prompted them to offer her pecuniary aid, was, 'I am obliged to ye—greatly obliged I'm sure, but I need naething, and the bairns ha'e aye a bite an' a brat (i. e. food and clothes)—thanks to the Giver. Every good result did indeed follow this excellent and humble-minded woman, and her singular exertions in so worthy a cause were not without their reward; for as her children grew up, they went to service among the farmers in the neighbourhood, to whom their good conduct soon recommended them; and so much were the M'Callums respected and beloved, that they invariably received higher wages than was usually given to servants in their station in that part of the country. But none, save those who have been similarly circumstanced, can fully comprehend the delight of the widowed mother, when, on the forenoon of the term day, her rosy, open-countenanced boys and girls—some of whom were grown almost men and women—one after another dropped into their dear mother's humble cottage, and with tears in their eyes, and looks glowing with happiness and affection; placed in her lap 'their sair-won penny fee.' Then would each, in his or her turn, receive the fond mother's kiss, and her solemn blessing; and ere the tears of pleasure and filial love were well dry on their cheeks, they would commence making affectionate inquiries respecting each other's health and welfare; and while the young men gravely discussed the merits of their respective masters' farms, and learnedly descanted on the most proper rotation of crops, the breeding of cattle, and the latest improvements in husbandry, the maidens would as earnestly enlarge on the best modes of dairy management, their several achievements in spinning linen yarn (an accomplishment in which all young females, whether mistress or servant, were generally proficient at that period), the most approved method of steeping and drying lint (flax), and who was the best carder of wool; with many equally interesting and harmless topics, which frequently lasted till far in the afternoon, when, after partaking of a social cup of tea, which at that period was an article used by the lower classes on special occasions only, this virtuous family would take an affectionate leave of their mother, and then the three brothers would each escort his sister to their respective homes.

By a few years' saving and industry, the two eldest sons, James and Alexander, had educated themselves as far as to be able, by the assistance of some kind friends, to begin business as grocers in a handsome shop in the most central part of the village. Here their industry and attention to business, no less than the uniform probity of their dealings, soon acquired them trade; and in a few months the shop of the M'Callums was frequently crowded with customers, while those of their neighbours were quite empty. By and bye, their business, which hitherto had been confined to the village, gradually extended to the surrounding neighbourhood; and finally they attained the honour and profit of supplying the small dealers in the country round about with teas and groceries. When I last heard of them," continued my mother, "Lizzy was living in a nice little cottage in the outskirts of the village, built by her sons expressly for her accommodation. James and Alexander were both happily married; and Andrew, the youngest son, who had become a mason, was now a builder of great respectability in E—, with his youngest sister Jessy acting as his housekeeper. The two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, had been married some years before, one to a farmer in an adjacent parish, and the other to a dissenting minister belonging to the village. Both marriages proved fortunate in the extreme, and my informant mentioned, that when he last visited Lizzy M'Callum, two of her grandchildren—fine chubby, rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired, little rogues—were receiving each a piece and jelly on't from granny, because they had been good bairns, and had 'said their questions without missing a single word.'"

I cannot conclude this simple narrative without remarking the vital importance which parental instruction and parental example have in forming the characters and tempers of children, and how much the very humblest class of society can achieve in instilling into the minds of their infant offspring principles of piety, rectitude of conduct, and benevolence of heart. None can be so poor, or so engrossed, as to have no spare moment for the performance of this delightful and momentous duty: none so ignorant as to be incapable of communicating to their children something respecting the supreme ruler of the universe, and the duties of his creatures—something illustrative of the beauty of truth, gentleness, and integrity, and the utter shame and unworthiness of falsehood, deceit, and all angry passions. Were subjects of this nature

habitually impressed upon the ductile minds of children, it would materially assist in subduing those evil and unruly propensities to which poor humanity is so prone; and if to such precepts were added the good example of parents, the result would in all probability be the same as is exhibited in the simple story above related.

#### THE CANADIAN PRESS.

A CANADIAN newspaper is generally a very curious affair. It is usually of a long folio shape, four pages in extent, of very coarse soft paper, and so miserably printed with old types as to be in some parts barely legible. In its typography or arrangement, little taste is generally displayed. The rule seems to be "any way" or "any thing," and, consequently, slovenliness of style and appearance is the result. We have seen specimens of a great number of the Canadian papers, but, except in two or three instances, we have seen none in which either good taste or good printing was displayed. The papers of Lower Canada are frequently one-half in the French language, and the other half in English, to suit the two great classes of settlers. But those of Upper Canada are altogether in English. To compensate for deficiencies in appearance and other particulars, the Canadian papers have no stamps, and the advertisements are charged with no duty. The price which we perceive to be charged for one of the weekly papers is 15s. per annum, or little more than 3d. each, postage being included in this charge. Looking at the contents and paper and printing, this does not seem by any means to be a cheap rate. It is, nevertheless, sufficiently low to encourage a wide competition in the trade of publishing newspapers. Besides a number of papers issued at Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto (late York), there is not a town of any size but has its weekly print. No sooner does a village rise amidst the wilderness, than it establishes a newspaper press—the guardian of its interests, and the faithful advocate of its soil, climate, and other peculiarities, as well as the vehicle of intelligence among its trading and farming classes.

Little room is devoted in the Canadian papers to native news. One would think from their appearance that such a thing as a "fatal accident" or a "melancholy occurrence" never took place. Neither do there seem to be any of those "shocking murders," "audacious robberies," "interesting trials," or "executions," which help to fill up the columns of the newspapers in this country. The world appears to go on uninterruptedly in Canada, without an incident to jar its motion worthy of being noticed. A little intemperate feeling, sometimes displayed in regard to elections, and which gets vent in newspaper squibs, is apparently the only thing which ruffles the happy quiescence of newspaper literature in Upper Canada. The subject-matter of nearly all the papers consists of two branches; firstly, extracts from English and Scotch newspapers, including abridged reports of the debates in Parliament, and movements of the court; and, secondly, advertisements. We have seldom seen any Canadian paper which contained news from the United States, although closely adjoining that country; but whether this arises from a contempt of the republicans and their institutions, or simply from the want of papers from which to extract intelligence, it is impossible to say. To people in this country who never pay much attention in separating the idea of Canada from that of the other portions of North America, such a marked deficiency of intelligence from the States seems somewhat unaccountable.

Although the Canadian newspapers have thus little to exhibit in the way of local news, they have much to interest in their advertisements, which ordinarily occupy two, and occasionally three, of the four pages. These announcements possess a vast deal of character. No account written by a traveller can give us such a vivid picture of the condition and prospects of the colony. Every thing is made the subject of an advertisement, a circumstance arising equally out of the scattered state of society, and the low charge at which the announcement is made. Thus, for instance, we find it no unusual thing to advertise for the loan of a particular book, or that a person has lent a book to some one whose name he has forgot, and wishes it returned. The following advertisement, which we copy from an Upper Canadian paper, is not without character:—"One Penny Reward—Ran away from the subscriber, on the night of the 14th of July last, two indentured apprentices to the hatting business, by the names of Aaron Nash and Thomas Horton. The above reward, but no charges, will be paid to any person who will return the said boys to the subscriber—John Kalar." Truly these must have been a couple of precious Flibbertigibbets—worth no less than a halfpenny a-piece. An advertisement announces the opening of a circulating library in the town of Hamilton, the terms of reading from which is five dollars per annum. This is a gratifying indication of the progress of refined taste in the backwoods. Another of equal interest relates to the establishment of a boarding-school for young ladies at a place called

\* The tale which follows is given in the words of a gentleman who vouches for the truth of the circumstances.



Ancaster—terms of board for a quarter, including instruction in English, geography, history, writing, arithmetic, with plain fancy needlework, &c. There are many notices of this kind in the Canadian papers, which show to intending emigrants that the education of their daughters need not be neglected even in some of the remote settlements. Intimations of the following nature are not uncommon:—"The subscriber having more than a year ago notified to those with whom he had dealings, the necessity there was of their making immediate payment, has now to inform those who did not avail themselves of it, that they will have themselves only to blame for the cost that will be incurred, as he can no longer delay putting all his accounts and notes into the hands of an attorney for collection." A hotel-keeper in Montreal, in advertising the accommodations of his house, "respectfully informs the travelling community:" it would thus appear that in Canada a portion of the society is continually on the move. An eatinghouse-keeper also advertises that he can at all times furnish "snacks;" which is the first time we have seen this slang word in print. We observe that a person announces for sale "an excellent family horse;" that is, we suppose, a horse with a back as long as a school form, and capable of carrying a whole family, father, mother, and children. The following announcement of a public sale on Sunday startled us a little:—"There will be sold, and adjudged to the highest and last bidders, on Sunday the 15th of September next, at the door of the parish church of St John of Chambly, at the close of divine service of the morning, the immovable property belonging to," &c.—here the property is described. This announcement, however, applies to Lower Canada, where the inhabitants are chiefly of French descent and manners.

The advertisements, independent of their occasional grotesque character, convey, as we have said, a correct impression of the state of the country. By far the greater part relate to the disposal of landed property; and how different are the terms of these announcements to that employed in intimating the sale of estates in Great Britain! Here, when an estate is advertised for sale, it is described in a most minute manner, and the nature of the local burdens carefully noted. In Upper Canada, no more is thought of selling a tract of land than of selling a hat. The lands for sale are announced in a classified scale, sometimes a hundred or more lots in one advertisement; and instead of names, we have particular letters and numbers. In a paper now lying before us, called "The Warbler," published at Port Hope on the 10th of June last, we find some advertisements in which an immense number of lots of lands are for sale, not only lands belonging to the Crown and clergy reserves, but private properties, partially or wholly cleared. For the amusement and edification of that large class of our readers who are anxious to learn correct particulars regarding Upper Canada, we shall make a few brief extracts from these announcements. The advertiser is John Brown at Port Hope:—"Township of Hope: Lot No. 12, 3d Concession, 200 acres. This lot of land, to the retired officer or gentleman who is unwilling to encounter the hardships of the backwoodsman, offers peculiar advantages, being within three miles of the town of Port Hope, and on the main road from thence to York, with orchard, barns, and out-houses, and 130 acres improved."—"Township of Cavan: N. E. half lot No. 19, 3d Concession, 50 acres. There are forty acres of this under crops, with a good dwelling-house, out-houses, and other improvements."—"W. 70 acres of lot No. 12, 4th Concession, with 30 acres cleared, a dwelling-house, barn, and other improvements. The land is excellent, and within half a mile of grist and saw mills."—"Township of Cartwright. [We see forty lots separately mentioned, varying from 80 to 150 acres each.] The lands throughout this township are of first-rate quality, with numerous streams running through them, presenting to the emigrant the opportunity of capital settlements. The country is rapidly assuming the appearance of civilisation, and will in a few years abundantly repay the enterprising settler." The following is a good sample:—"For sale, on advantageous terms, 100 acres of land, being lot No. 16, in the 4th Concession, township of Clarke, which in point of quality is not surpassed by any in the province: there are 16 acres chopped, 9 of which are seeded down with wheat in excellent order, and the remainder may be made ready for spring crop with very little labour. There is a very comfortable log-house, a number of apple and plum trees planted the last season, a constant stream running through the lot, besides a delightful spring of the purest water at the door, and about a medium distance betwixt Port Hope and Darlington markets. For price and particulars, apply to Robert Hard, Monaghan." The number of advertisements of this kind is very great in all the papers we have seen, and we are assured by a gentleman from Port Hope that emigrants possessing two or three hundred pounds may at all times have a most extensive choice of partially cleared properties at a moderate price. The crown or uncleared lands, we perceive, are advertised at 15s., 12s. 6d., and 10s. per acre, according to quality and situation, one-tenth payable at entry, and the remainder in nine annual instalments, with interest. In one advertisement we count no fewer than a hundred and eighty-six lots of crown lands at these prices. An advertisement of clergy reserves exhibits an equally numerous list of lots. Village and town lots of half an acre each,

at from five to ten pounds, are similarly announced for sale in all quarters. There is one very decided comfort connected with the purchasing of lands in Upper Canada; and that is, the circumstance of the proprietorship of all landed property, as well as all mortgages, being registered in a general register-office. By this excellent plan, which is invariably followed in Scotland in respect to heritable property, no disputes can occur as to the ownership of lands, which places settlers completely at their ease. We believe there is no institution of this kind in Lower Canada.

In the Montreal Gazette, for the 10th of July last, we notice the following advertisement, which may be of use to many in the humbler classes of society who read our Journal:—"Emigrants in want of employment are informed that the Grand River Navigation Company have advertised for one thousand labourers, who will meet with immediate employment at three pounds currency per month, and board. Several hundred labourers are also wanted on the Welland canal, at the same rate of wages. Emigrants desirous of availing themselves of the above offer, should proceed by way of the Welland canal, and land at Port Robinson. There is also a great demand for mechanics at Hamilton, Dundas, Ancaster, and Brantford. Farm labourers are much wanted in the neighbourhood of these towns. For further information, emigrants are directed to apply to Mr Cattmole at Hamilton. (Signed) A. B. Hawke, Emigrant Agent, Emigrant Office, Toronto." An advertisement of this kind shows the increase of capital in Upper Canada, and the demand for labour which naturally follows in its train.

Port Hope, which we have been mentioning, is a thriving port in the Newcastle district, on the shore of Lake Ontario; the stage-road proceeds through it to Toronto, which lies farther to the west. If we take up a map of Upper Canada, we shall see that this port is calculated to be a place of great importance. It lies opposite to Oswego, in the United States; and there is a canal connecting the lake at Oswego to the Erie canal, which, as every body knows, is the water communication with New York. This, therefore, is the most agreeable route to be pursued by emigrants to the Newcastle district, or indeed any district to the westward. There are steam-boats on the lake, going regularly betwixt Oswego and Port Hope. In the newspaper from which we have already quoted, the following paragraph appears:—"The St George steamer arrived on Sunday evening, with near three hundred emigrants, one hundred and ten of whom were taken on board at Oswego, having come out by way of New York. They were mostly all English." The William IV. and Constitution steamers ply on the lake, touching daily at the various ports to take in or disembark passengers. Another paragraph is as follows:—"The William IV. came in to-day with ninety emigrants, and proceeded to the head of the lake." About nine miles inland, or northward, from Port Hope, lies Rice Lake, a fine, though small, navigable lake. A river, the Otonabee, connects Rice Lake with Lake Simcoe, which is again connected with Lake Huron, and all the great western waters. It is at present proposed, and we believe has been agreed to by the local legislature, to cut a canal from Lake Ontario at Port Hope to Rice Lake, by which means a very ready communication may be established with the upper lakes and back country. The expense of this undertaking is estimated at £101,426. On this line of water communication stands Peterboro, a town rising rapidly into consequence, at the distance of twenty-nine miles from Port Hope. One of the chief peculiarities of this part of Upper Canada is the improved or refined state of its society, which is essentially British, being in a great measure composed of retired officers and their families. In 1817, the population of the Newcastle district amounted to 4063; in 1833, it had risen to 26,336; and is daily augmenting by the settlement of respectable families. At Smart's extensive store at Port Hope, every article of use and luxury may be purchased, and native produce disposed of.

The following notice is given by the editor of the Warbler, by way of a sketch of what was going forward at Port Hope and its neighbourhood, at the beginning of June:—"The season is now very favourable to the interest of the agriculturist; it also promises an extensive emigration. The most remarkable feature in the emigration of this year is, that each emigrant seems to have an aim which he sedulously pursues, and a purpose he is determined to effect: there is no waiting to inquire what settlement is the most eligible; no symptoms of being mazed, so to speak, or lost in conjecture what is best to be done; but all seems a preconcerted measure, and the emigrants move onward, column after column, to their destinations, with as much precision and regularity as the several divisions of an army are seen to move to head-quarters. We admire the just judgment which has decided this movement, and are not a little pleased to see our flourishing town and the fine surrounding country receive their quota of this regular, well-directed, and respectable influx. Steam-boats arrive here daily; two often, and sometimes three, are seen alongside at our wharf—all bearing westward as respectable a class generally of new settlers as we ever knew to arrive here: were we to assume the immense deal of luggage they bear along with them as a criterion, we would say that they are then the most wealthy, and bid fair to be a very great acquisition to the

country. Several families of the more respectable class have settled in this town; others of the same class have passed through it to settle in the neighbourhood. We take their settling among us as a good omen—already has the fame of this settlement attracted the attention of the discriminating. Little judgment, indeed, is necessary to decide in favour of the very superior advantages of this neighbourhood; the scenery inland is inviting; the prospects of the town are most pleasing. Port Hope cannot fail, at no distant period, to rank high among the towns of Upper Canada: it is evidently the key to the interior, and it is destined to be the outport on the line of communication by which all the trade of this continent west and north is in contemplation to be conducted. The settlement around it is the finest in Upper Canada—it is the very garden of it—and by our contemporaries even at a distance, is generally designated, as a place of residence, as healthy and beautiful as any town in the province; it is a village suited for fashionable resort, and a location well adapted for general enterprise. Its walks are surpassed by none, either as respects number or pleasantness; its springs are numerous and pure; and its privileges court investigation, and only require it to be assumed by the manufacturer." From the private communications we have received, we find that the Newcastle district is fully worthy of these eulogiums, and is what it is represented to be in the letter from a Backwoodsman in our 109th number.

Since writing the above, a number of letters have been put into our hands from a Mr Sutherland, who with his family emigrated from Edinburgh to Upper Canada in 1833. This person took a large lot of miscellaneous goods with him, the greater part of which he sold advantageously at Toronto; but he does not recommend emigrants to follow his example in attempting this kind of trading speculation. From Toronto he removed to a fine tract of land, consisting of about 1500 acres, lying on the river St Clair, which is at the extreme west of the settlements. This land he purchased a great bargain, and he mentions that he could already sell it for double what it cost. He describes the climate, even during the winter, as agreeable, and speaks with a great degree of gratification of his removal to and settlement in this delightful portion of the province. His letters have been widely made known among his friends and acquaintances in Edinburgh, from which city a considerable emigration of respectable families is expected to take place next spring.

#### CONTRIVANCES TO SIMPLIFY LABOUR.

[From "Results of Machinery,"—Working Man's Companion.]

WE formerly exhibited to you a few examples, such as the sheath of the needle-sorter, and the nicks in the types of the compositor, of contrivances to economise labour. Such contrivances are not machinery; but they answer one of the great purposes of machinery—that of saving time; and in the same manner they diminish the cost of production. The objections which some of you make to machinery, namely, that it diminishes the quantity of labour required, and therefore the number of labourers, applies also to these contrivances; and it applies, also, to the greater expertness of one workman as compared with the lesser expertness of another workman. There are boot-closers so skilful that they have reduced their arms to the precision of a machine. They can begin to close a boot with a thread a yard long in each hand, throw out each arm at once to the full extent of the thread, without making a second pull, and at every successive pull contract the arm so as to allow for the diminished length of the thread each time that it passes through the leather. There are not many workmen who can do this; but those whose sense of touch is delicate enough are not blamed by their fellow-workmen for doing that by one movement of the arm which other men do by two movements.

Every one of us who thinks at all is constantly endeavouring to diminish his individual labour, by the use of some little contrivance which experience has suggested. Men who carry water in buckets, in places where water is scarce, put a circular piece of wood to float on the water, which prevents its spilling, and consequently lessens the labour. A boy who makes paper bags in a grocer's shop, so arranges them that he pastes the edges of twenty at a time, to diminish the labour. The porters of Amsterdam, who draw heavy goods upon a sort of sledge, every now and then throw a greased rope under the sledge, to diminish its friction, and therefore to lessen the labour of dragging it. Dippers of candles have made several improvements in their art within the last twenty years, for diminishing labour. They used to hold the rods between their fingers, dipping three at a time; they next connected six or eight rods together by a piece of wood at each end, having holes to receive the rods; and they now suspend the rods so arranged upon a sort of balance, rising and falling with a pulley and a weight, so as to relieve the arms of the workman almost entirely, while the work is done more quickly and with more precision. Are there fewer candlemakers, think you, employed now, than when they dipped only three rods with considerable fatigue, and no little pain as the can-

dies grew heavy? The excise returns show that seventy-eight millions of pounds of candles were used in 1818, and one hundred and ten millions of pounds in 1829. There can be no doubt that we have more candlemakers, because candles are cheaper.

In the domestic arrangements of a well-regulated household, whether of a poor man or of a rich man, one of the chief cares is, to save labour. Every contrivance to save labour that ingenuity can suggest is eagerly adopted when a country becomes highly civilised. In former times, in our own country, when such contrivances were little known, materials as well as time were consequently wasted in every direction; a great baron was surrounded with a hundred menial servants, but he had certainly less real and useful labour performed for him, than a tradesman of the present day obtains from three servants. Are there fewer servants now employed than in those times of barbarous state? Certainly not. The middle classes amongst us can get a great deal done for them in the way of domestic service, at a small expense; because servants are assisted by an infinite number of contrivances which do much of the work for them. The contrivances render the article of service cheaper; and therefore there are more servants. The work being done by fewer servants, in consequence of the contrivances, the servants themselves are better paid than if there was no cost saved by the contrivances.

The common jack by which meat is roasted is described by Mr Babbage as "a contrivance to enable the cook in a few minutes to exert a force (in winding up the jack) which the machine retails out during the succeeding hour in turning the loaded spit, thus enabling her to bestow her undivided attention on her other duties." We have seen, twenty years ago, in farmhouses, a man employed to turn a spit with a handle; dogs have been used to run in a wheel for the same purpose. When some ingenious servant girl discovered that if she put a skewer through the meat, and hung it before the fire by a skein of worsted, it would turn with very little attention, she made an approach to the principle of the bottle-jack. All these contrivances diminish labour, and insure regularity of movement; and, therefore, they are valuable contrivances.

A bell which is pulled in one room and rings in another, and which therefore establishes a ready communication between the most distant parts of a house, is a contrivance to save labour. In a large family, the total want of bells would add a fourth at least to the labour of servants. Where three servants are kept now, four servants would be required to be kept then. Would the destruction of all the bells therefore add one-fourth to the demand for servants? Certainly not. The funds employed in paying for service would not be increased a single farthing; and, therefore, by the destruction of bells, all the families of the kingdom would have some work left undone, to make up for the additional labour required through the want of this useful contrivance: or all the servants in the kingdom would be more hardily worked—would have to work sixteen hours a-day instead of twelve.

In some parts of India, the natives have a very rude contrivance to mark the progress of time. A thin metal cup, with a small hole in its bottom, is put to float in a vessel of water; and as the water rises through the hole, the cup sinks in a given time—in 24 minutes. A servant is set to watch the sinking of the cup; and when this happens, he strikes upon a bell. Half a century ago, almost every cottage in England had its hour-glass—an imperfect instrument for registering the progress of time, because it only indicated its course between hour and hour; and an instrument which required a very watchful attention, and some labour, to be of any use at all. The universal use of watches or clocks in India would wholly displace the labour of the servants, who note the progress of time by the filling of the cup; and the same cause has displaced, amongst us, the equally unprofitable labour employed in turning the hour-glass, and watching its movement. Almost every house in England has now a clock or watch of some sort; and every house in India would have the same, if the natives were more enlightened, and were not engaged in so many modes of unprofitable labour to keep them poor. His profitable labour has given the English mechanic the means of getting a watch. Machinery, used in every possible way, has made this watch cheap. The labour formerly employed in turning the hour-glass, or in running to look at the church clock, is transferred to the making of watches. The user of the watch obtains an accurate register of time, which teaches him to know the value of that most precious possession, and to economise it; and the producers of the watch have abundant employment in the universal demand for this valuable machine.

A watch or clock is an instrument for assisting an operation of the mind. Without some instrument for registering time, the mind could very imperfectly attain the end which the watch attains, not requiring any mental labour. The observation of the progress of time, by the situation of the sun in the day, or of particular stars at night, is a labour requiring great attention, and various sorts of accurate knowledge. It is therefore never attempted, except when men have no machines for registering time. In the same manner, the labours of the mind have been saved, in a thousand ways, by other contrivances of science.

The foot-rule of the carpenter not only gives him the standard of a foot measure, which he could not

exactly ascertain by any experience, or any mental process, but it is also a scale of the proportions of an inch, or several inches, to a foot, and of the parts of an inch to an inch. What a quantity of calculations, and of dividing by compasses, does this little instrument save the carpenter, besides ensuring a much greater degree of accuracy in all his operations! The common rules of arithmetic, which almost every boy in England now learns, are parts of a great invention for saving mental labour. The higher branches of mathematics, of which science arithmetic is a portion, are also inventions for saving labour, and for doing what could never be done without these inventions. There are instruments, and very curious ones, for lessening the labour of all arithmetical calculations; and tables, that is, the results of certain calculations, which are of practical use, are constructed for the same purpose. When you buy a joint of meat, you often see the butcher turn to a little book, before he tells you how much a certain number of pounds and ounces amounts to, at a certain price per pound. This book is his "Ready Reckoner," and a very useful book it is to him; for it enables him to dispatch his customers in half the time that he would otherwise require, and thus to save himself a great deal of labour, and a great deal of inaccuracy.

If any of you follow up the false reasoning which has led you to think that whatever diminishes labour diminishes the number of labourers, you might conclude, that, as there is less mental work to be done, because science has diminished the labour of that work, there would, therefore, be fewer mental workmen. Thank God, the greater facilities that have been given to the cultivation of the mind, the greater is the number of those who exert themselves in that cultivation. The effects of saving unprofitable labour are the same in all cases. The use of machinery in aid of bodily labour has set that bodily labour to a thousand new employments, and has raised the character of the employments, by transferring the lowest of the drudgery to wheels and pistons. The use of science in the assistance of mental labour has conducted that labour to infinitely more numerous fields of exertion, and has elevated all intellectual pursuits, by making their common processes the play of childhood, instead of the toil of manhood.

#### THE LAPSE OF TIME.

[By Bryant, an American poet.]

Lament who will, in fruitless tears,  
The speed with which our moments fly,  
I sigh not over vanished years,  
But watch the years that hasten by.

Look how they come!—a mingled crowd  
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;  
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,  
The wide world changes as I gaze.

What! grieve that time has brought so soon  
The sober age of manhood on?  
As idly might I weep, at noon,  
To see the blush of morning gone.

Could I forego the hopes that glow  
In prospect like Elysian isles,  
And let the charming future go,  
With all her promises and smiles?

The future!—cruel were the power  
Whose doom would tear thee from my heart;  
Thou sweetener of the present hour!  
We cannot—no—we will not part.

Oh, leave me still the rapid flight  
That makes the changing seasons gay,  
The grateful speed that brings the night,  
The swift and glad return of day—

The months that touch, with added grace,  
This little prattler at my knee,  
In whose arch eye and speaking face,  
New meaning every hour I see—

The years, that o'er each sister land  
Shall lift the country of my birth,  
And nurse her strength, till she shall stand  
The pride and pattern of the earth;

Till younger commonwealths for aid  
Shall cling about her ample robe,  
And from her frown shall shrink afraid  
The crowned oppressors of the globe.

Time, Time will seam and blanch my brow:  
Well; I shall sit with aged men,  
And my good glass will tell me how  
A grisly beard becomes me then.

And should no foul dishonour lie  
Upon my head when I am grey,  
Love yet shall watch my fading eye,  
And smooth the path of my decay.

Then haste thee, Time—'tis kindness all  
That speeds thy winged feet so fast;  
Thy pleasures stay not till they fall,  
And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou fliest, and bear'st away our woes,  
And as thy shadowy train depart,  
The memory of sorrow grows  
A lighter burden on the heart.

#### STORMS OF SAND.

The great Sahara Region of Africa is a vast desert of sand, which is composed of particles of white and grey quartz, very small, and seldom attaining so large a size as to form gravel or pebbles. It is by far the dreariest region on the face of the whole globe, and the wind frequently raises this sand in clouds so dense as to overpower a whole company of travellers. "The sand-storm we had the misfortune to encounter," says Denham, "in crossing the Desert, gave us a pretty correct idea of its dreadful effects. The wind raised the fine sand with which the extensive Desert was covered, so as to fill the atmosphere, and render the immense space before us impenetrable but for a few yards. The sun and clouds were entirely obscured, and a suffocating and oppressive weight accompanied the flakes and masses of sand, which I had almost said we had to penetrate at every step. At times we almost entirely lost sight of the camels, though only a few yards before us. The horses hung their tongues out of their mouths, and refused to face the clouds of sand. A parching thirst oppressed us, which nothing alleviated." When whirlwinds visit this immense Desert, the sand is raised into pillars, a vivid description of which has been left us by the traveller Bruce. "At one o'clock," says he, "we alighted among some acacia trees at Wady el Halboub, having gone twenty-one miles. We were here at once surprised and terrified by a sight surely one of the most magnificent in the world. In that vast expanse of desert from west to north-west of us, we saw a number of prodigious pillars of sand at different distances, at times moving with great velocity, at others stalking on with majestic slowness. At intervals we thought they were coming in a very few minutes to overwhelm us, and small quantities of sand did actually more than once reach us; again they would retreat, so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching the very clouds; then the tops often separated from the bodies, and these, once disjoined, dispersed in air, and did not meet more; sometimes they were broken in the middle as if they were struck with a large cannon-shot. At noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon us, the wind being very strong at north. Eleven ranged alongside of us, at about the distance of three miles; the greatest diameter of the larger appeared to me at that distance as if it would measure ten feet. They retired from us with a wind at south-east, leaving an impression on my mind to which I can give no name, though surely one ingredient was fear, with a considerable deal of wonder and astonishment. It was in vain to think of flying; the swiftest horse would be of no use to carry us out of this danger, and the full conviction of this riveted me to the spot." Adanson, in crossing the river Gambia from the Great Desert, observed one of these pillars of sand crossing that river. It passed within eighteen or twenty fathoms of the stern of the vessel, and seemed to measure ten or twelve feet in circumference, and about two hundred and fifty feet in height. Its heat was sensibly felt at the distance of a hundred feet, and it left a strong sulphurous smell behind it.

#### TABLE OF THE TWO FLIES.

"Mother," said a young fly in great agitation, "you certainly are in error about the beauty of those persons who are so affronted with us whenever we touch them. I but just now settled on the cheek of a lady of high fashion, which appeared to be smooth and natural: but, dear mother, I thought I should never get back to you again, for I stuck in the filthy red mud, and with the greatest difficulty I got away: only look at my feet and legs! If they thought themselves so handsome as you say they do, I'm sure they will never cover their faces with such stuff as this."

MORAL.—Although we must admit that fashion is powerful and arbitrary, yet, to the credit of human nature and good sense, *point* has never been general. With the exception of public performers, who require its aid, it is a ridiculous custom; for, independently of its baneful qualities, it is of no benefit—sometimes creating pity, sometimes laughter. Does the addition, artfully laid on, cause the face to captivate?—'tis but a momentary gratification; the mere compliment of being gazed at. If by such deception a declaration is hastened, the after-knowledge of the fact enrages the dupe, and he becomes cold towards the possessor of such unstable charms.—*Fables illustrated by Cruikshank*

#### Fossil Vegetables.

Our article on Fossil Vegetables, which appeared some weeks ago in the Journal, we are glad to hear, has excited considerable interest with regard to the discoveries made in this very interesting department of science, upon which we shall take an early opportunity of laying before our readers still more extensive details. In the meantime, we beg to say, that, having consulted the work of Mr Witham, we find that that gentleman acknowledges having been indebted to Mr Nicol, of Edinburgh, for the method of slicing and preparing the fossil woods. Mr Nicol, who may be termed the father of this branch of science, we understand, is to read a paper on the subject, describing his discoveries and conclusions, before the British Scientific Association, that is to honour Edinburgh with its meeting during the ensuing week.

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